Leather

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

When Hannibal surprises Will with a gift, it quickly becomes clear that it is part of a game. One Will plans to win.

Will hesitated as he approached their little house.

They lived practically in the middle of nowhere, off several dirt roads that only residents knew how to navigate and find the safe house Hannibal had kept them in the last year or so.

God, had it been that long?

Sometimes it felt much longer, other times as though it had been a blink of an eye. Time had stopped meaning much here, as they lived on secreted funds and passed the time healing and getting to know each other in ways they'd not dared before that night on the bluff.

They didn't get visitors.

So Will was immediately wary of the motorcycle parked on the dirt patch outside the house, that served as their driveway. One helmet hanging from the handlebars, another stowed on

the back of the bike.

Will clenched his jaw, feeling the tight pain of his scar, and only then realising how long it had been since he'd felt that. The pain, the stress, the anxiety.

He had let the world go and there was just he and Hannibal at the end of it all.

But now there was someone else here.

Out of long unused habit, Will reached his hand to flip open a holster that was no longer there. He eyed the house with scrutiny learned over years of training and experience, but saw nothing to suggest anything was out of the ordinary.

With a huff of annoyance, to cover any other thoughts or feelings he might have about who the visitor could be and what they could mean to Hannibal. Friend or foe? Or lover? Who the hell would Hannibal reveal their location to?

Will started towards the back of the house. He'd come in through the kitchen, knowing exactly how many seconds it would take him to get from the back door to the wooden knife block on the countertop.

The house was silent.

On the countertop sat a sizeable box with fussy ribboning and a card leaned just so on top with his name, facing the door. Because of course Hannibal knew he would come in this entrance on seeing the motorcycle.

He huffed again, this time with a little amusement, though he stayed on guard as he approached the box. His name was in Hannibal's handwriting, and he opened it carefully.

The trapped scent hit Will as soon as he pulled off the lid. He knew that odour even if he couldn’t see anything yet. He pulled the black tissue paper out of the box and revealed the leather within, the smell of it wafting up all the more now.

Will took a deep breath, his eyelids fluttering at the scent of the rich leather. It was new, pristine. Of course.

He pushed down another chuckle, wary of what Hannibal was up to, as he reached in and pulled the leather jacket from the box. There was only a moment’s hesitation before he brought it to his nose and breathed deep again.

It was a smell that reminded him of a different time and place. It wasn’t lost on him that he had mentioned those times and places to Hannibal not so long ago. The first time he’d let Hannibal penetrate him, as he goaded the man, purposely sparking his jealousy and loving it. With tales of his college days, time spent at a pool hall, nights spent with bikers that liked to think him some gentle little thing. He had never let any of them have his ass, Hannibal was the only one and he’d told him so, but he did so enjoy winding Hannibal up as he panted and thrust.

Perhaps this was some sort of payback? Will wasn't sure he minded, enjoying the thought of Hannibal in leather.

The leather was still pressed to his face when he heard light steps at the door to the kitchen and then Hannibal's voice.

"Enjoying my gift, I see." He crooned the words and moved forward, taking the jacket from Will's hands and then holding it up for Will to slip on, which he did without comment.

It, of course, fit him like a glove. It was soft and supple despite its newness. He couldn't help but catch his reflection in the window with a shudder, Hannibal's too. The man was grinning like a Cheshire Cat and Will had to wonder if he was about to become that cat's little toy for the evening.

When Hannibal turns and leaves the room, Will isn't surprised. It's all he can do not to roll his eyes at the dramatic exit.

The game has begun. He just needed to learn the rules and keep up. Literally, it would seem.

Will shrugged out of the jacket and placed it gently back in the box, before following Hannibal and finding him in the little room he had made his study.

Hannibal sat, as though nothing out of the ordinary had transpired this day, on the small chaise. He had his tablet in hand and was reading something intently, it would seem.

Will took in a deep breath and tried not to let it come out as an exasperated sigh. One that he would only half mean anyway. It wasn't as though he was ever averse nor discouraging of these little games. In fact he was more than ready and willing to play Hannibal at it, and use the man's weaknesses against him.

Will sauntered over to Hannibal and plucked the tablet from his hand, setting it to the side before straddling Hannibal's lap.

"Thank you for the gift," Will lowered both his eyes and tone as he rocked forward so that he could slide his hands around Hannibal's neck. He was sure he didn't imagine the twitch between Hannibal's legs. He certainly knew how weak the man was for him and how Will showing any kind of affection or eagerness made him putty in Will's hands.

"You're welcome, my darling," Hannibal murmured, his breath starting to heave a little. Will grinned, deciding to win the game and lean in for a kiss.

Hannibal responded eagerly, his hands sliding around Will's ass and pressing their crotches close together as they kissed languidly. Enjoying each other and making no secret of it. Oh, how times had changed.

Hannibal broke first, panting now and clearly hard. He took a few steadying breaths before nuzzling against Will's ear and saying, "A matching set. I have some of my own upstairs, I thought we could enjoy a little ride together."

"One bike?" Will asked, though he already knew the answer.

“When necessary, all manner of warriors throughout history, have shared horseback in dire circumstances.” Hannibal commented, pressing kisses to Will’s neck. “Two riders, one horse.”

Will blinked. “Are you… In this scenario are we warriors and one of our horses is dead?”

“Or terribly maimed, either way incapable of continuing on in any useful capacity.” More kisses, right in the spot behind his ear that made Will shiver.

Will took a deep breath to maintain his control, and then rolled his eyes at the both of them. “Okay, well, what I’m getting from this, given that I know you could have afforded two bikes if you’d wanted to, is that you would like us to share one… steed.”

“Correct, I thought it would be… Intimate.”

Will knew in that moment that he was losing the game. As hard as Hannibal was beneath him, as much as Will knew he could fuck him right there and then and he’d beg for more, he was losing the game. Because this, right here, was clearly not the game.

*

Will did fuck Hannibal on the chaise, still loose from the night before. And the night before that. And didn’t that just turn Will on all the more. He loved the idea of Hannibal always being ready for him because he’d already fucked him so good the night before.

But he was right, that wasn’t the game. He could tell from the way Hannibal grinned at him as he pulled out and spilled all over Hannibal’s chest, their spunk mixing together.

This was more than about giving and receiving a gift. This was about the bike itself, the leather, the fact that Will had relayed sexual encounters as a taunt and was, apparently, in need of punishment.

In the morning, as Hannibal had mentioned before they finally showered and went to bed, they would be going out on the motorbike, for a lovely little jaunt.

The weather was perfect for it. A bright and warm day with a crisp wind, not too hot for leathers. Not too cold to enjoy the day.

Will stood in the kitchen, leather jacket waiting on the counter, when Hannibal came down the stairs. He was dressed head to toe in leathers, hair loose. He looked unlike Will had ever seen him before, but looked perfectly comfortable - wearing the leather like a second skin. Just another person suit perhaps, Will considered, grinning at the term Hannibal had relayed previously. He wondered if Bedelia would have found the irony in her words had she ever seen him in the plastic murder suit as Will had.

Hannibal drank in Will's grin with a smile of his own and Will knew he was already losing the game.

Will tried not to lose further by letting his breath catch. Because Hannibal was truly breathtaking, and the thought of them having each other in the creaking leather was already

making him ache.

He cleared his throat, drank down the last of his coffee and picked up his own jacket.

"Ready then?" Will didn't wait for an answer as he headed out to the bike.

*

Hannibal had settled himself on the sleek machine, taking it between his thighs, before Will straddled the back, allowing himself to slide as far along as he could. Until he was tucked tight at Hannibal's back and able to slip his hands to Hannibal's hips to hold on.

The rumble and roar of the engine sent tremors through him as they raced along deserted lanes and slowed at turnings. As Will knew Hannibal had intended.

The countryside was beautiful, for sure. And there was something exhilarating about seeing it this way. Free and at one with the Road. Will could see the appeal immediately of this mode of travel. It was beautiful. All the more so for sharing it with Hannibal.

They rode through the quiet part of the world they'd found themselves in. The only people they encountered were local fishermen lining part of the river they passed. It was easy to imagine them the last two people in the world. Something Will enjoyed.

He allowed his head to rest against Hannibal's back, his hands to slip around his waist. Holding him tight. Feeling the soothing vibrations through his body and not caring if he lost this game.

In fact it was damn well making him hard, and he wondered if Hannibal could feel it through the layers between them. Certainly, he was sure he didn't imagine the way Hannibal pushed back a couple of times.

This went on for another twenty minutes, until Will was in no doubt of how Hannibal rocked against him. Will was so hard it was becoming painful, imagining fucking Hannibal over the bike. With no clothes between them he could just slip back inside the man, as he had the night before. The thought made him pump his hips involuntarily, thrusting against Hannibal's ass.

Hannibal stilled at that and took the next turn, down little more than a dirt track towards the river. They were only a minute into the cover of the trees, bowing as they did over the track, when Hannibal slowed to a stop. He set his feet down and kick stand down, and stopped the engine before reaching up and unlatching his helmet.

Will shuddered when the engine did before it stilled, still feeling the heat of the machine between his legs. He let his hands fall away from Hannibal as Hannibal removed his helmet and hung it from the handlebars.

Will found a fondness for the way he then pushed his displaced hair back, sweeping it off his face with a leather clad hand before looking over his shoulder. The picture of absolute composure.

Will wriggled in the seat, feeling anticipatory pleasure running through him.

"Is something the matter, Will?" Hannibal asked, as though completely oblivious to how he'd been practically offering his ass for Will to hump against.

Will hid a smirk, the game was on.

"Just trying to get comfortable," Will replied.

"Hmm" Hannibal hummed in consideration, "Your arousal has been evident for some time, it's very distracting, Will. I thought I should pull over before your inability to control yourself caused an accident."

Will let out a shuddering breath, "Yeah… well. The leather, the vibration of the bike. Me pushed tight against your ass, as tight as I was last night when I was inside you, bound to cause a reaction."

He could see Hannibal's smirk from the angle he looked back at him. A smirk that told Will, Hannibal had him exactly where he wanted him. Will felt a chill run through him and tried not to let his own lips curl into a grin.

"Perhaps we should take care of this little problem, Will." It wasn't a question and Hannibal pushed back again, this time both pressing on Will's arousal and suggesting he move.

Will took the hint and dismounted, resisting the urge to pull his pants down right there, but wanting Hannibal to lead this dance.

Hannibal followed suit, swinging his leg over the bike and then, perhaps out of habit for his usual tailoring, straightened his jacket. He immediately stepped into Will's space, cupping his arousal.

"Mmm, yes, we really should take care of this."

Will whimpered and nodded, immediately submitting, knowing that was how Hannibal wanted him right now. Knowing that Hannibal wanted to have him in this little game that he had put into play.

He pushed himself into Hannibal's hand before taking hold of the other and pulling it up to his mouth. He poked out his tongue to kitten lick at Hannibal's gloved hand, before pressing two fingers into his mouth, moaning around the leather.

He was rewarded by the flicker of heat in Hannibal's eyes that gave away his interest.

Hannibal gently moved his hands, one still fondling Will and the other slowly moving in and out of Will's mouth.

It was time for Will to make his play.

He pulled Hannibal's hand from his mouth, making a show of sucking on his fingers before pulling them out with an audible pop.

"Are you still open for me, baby?" Will asked, closing the little space between them until their bodies were flush and he was rasping the words next to Hannibal's ear. "Wanna fuck you over that bike. That's what this is all about, right? Want me to fuck you whilst our leather creaks and the bike takes our weight?"

Hannibal let out a soft but telling chuckle.

Predictable, Doctor Lecter

Will bit his lower lip to stop him from grinning. Because he knew then he was going to win. He had outmanoeuvred Hannibal Lecter in the latest of their little games.

"Not quite, mylimasis." Hannibal replied authoritatively. And Will knew what was coming next, he had predicted this correctly.

"I'm going to take you, hard and raw over the bike. Force your body open for me to take my pleasure. Just as I'm sure you fantasised many times with your old friends."

And there it was.

The reason Will could outmanoeuvre the man he loved. His weakness that left him open and vulnerable to mistakes - jealousy. Love. Obsession. His need to utterly possess Will and his desire to hunt down and kill anyone else he had ever laid a hand on his precious monster.

"Yes," Will growled the words. Hannibal hesitated for such a small moment that anyone other than Will would have missed it. But Will had anticipated that too. Hannibal hadn't expected him to immediately agree.

His preference was to top, and they often made a submission play of it when Hannibal topped him.

Before Hannibal could react further, Will caught his mouth with his own and kissed him deeply. He could sense Hannibal's hesitation there as the man finally realised he might not have the upper hand he'd presumed he did.

Wil groaned into the kiss before pulling away and growling against Hannibal's ear, "Fuck me, I'll let you. I never let them, you know. I know they wanted to. They all wanted my ass. But I saved it for you."

Will stepped away, letting the angry growl that escaped from Hannibal follow him back to the bike.

"I'll let you," Will said again, seduction there, not submission. Practically playing at being that younger version of himself that never gave this to anyone else.

Will had his back still turned to Hannibal as he began to unbuckle his belt. He undid enough buttons to lower his pants around the curve of his ass, slowly enough for Hannibal to get up to speed and watch him.

Will positioned himself over the bike, engine still warm.

He knew Hannibal saw the plug in his ass from the half angry, half aroused and wholly choked out sound the man made.

This was meant to be a punishment, albeit one that Will would have enjoyed, but now it was about Will not Hannibal. Will would have been perfectly happy to have been taken hard and raw, dry even, but that would have been Hannibal's winning move, and this was his. To take the upper hand.

"I thought about this when I was fingering myself. I pushed so much lube inside me it practically feels like you've come inside me already."

Hannibal surged forward at the words. Will could hear the tread of his heavy leather boots as he stalked forward and shuddering in anticipation of the inevitable.

"Mine," Hannibal growled, as though that was ever in any doubt.

"Yes," Will hissed, as Hannibal pressed to his back, his leather trousers pushing against Will's ass. He whined and pressed back, rocking the plug and moaning all the more as a result.

"You would have never belonged to any of them, even if you'd let them fuck you," Hannibal practically spat the words at him, his jealousy dangerously close to the surface.

Will smiled all the same. Yes, he had definitely won. Hannibal had wanted to punish him for having lovers before him, but now he just wanted to own him.

"Never," Will confirmed, breathless, reaching behind him to try and tug at Hannibal's pants.

Getting the idea, Hannibal took a step back and Will shuddered at the deep sound the zipper made. Hannibal grunted then as he shucked his pants and Will couldn't help wriggle his ass and push himself further over the bike, glad that it seemed sturdy enough to take his weight, balanced only on the kick stand.

There was no preamble as Hannibal closed the space between them again, roughly pulled the plug from Will's ass and shoved himself inside.

Despite the expectation, Will let out a choked sound of surprise as Hannibal stretched him wider than the plug. Uncomfortable rather than painful, Hannibal gave him no time to adjust as he started to fuck into him.

"Mine," He growled again and then bit down on the thick leather of Will's shoulder. Shaking it between his teeth in a way that would have rendered Will's flesh.

"Yes," Will moaned, starting to feel his own pleasure as Hannibal grazed his prostate on each thrust. Not that it was intentional. Despite the way Hannibal had worshipped Will's body in the past, this wasn't about pleasure. This was about possession.

"Fuck them out of me," Will encouraged.

Hannibal grunted again and doubled his efforts, pulling Will back against him before pounding into him all the harder. Will's hands were still on the bike and he could feel it

almost rocking under his palms. If Hannibal pressed him back down to it with the strength of these thrusts, it would topple.

Will groaned as he was reminded of their fall from the cliff.

"Make it so there was no one before you, no one before me." Will begged, something between a growl and a whimper. "Mine!"

Hannibal grunted again, one hand squeezing tight on Will's hip as the other moved up to his throat, squeezing gently before trailing up to his mouth. Two leather bound fingers pushed back into Will's mouth and he moaned around them as Hannibal pounded into him. The smack of flesh on flesh echoed around the wooded area, all the more obvious now that birds and beasts seemed to have fallen silent around them.

Will was so turned on by the scenario they'd found themselves in, that it only took a couple more sharp thrusts before he felt his orgasm pooling, his balls drawing up.

"Fuck," He tried to say around Hannibal's fingers. He was unable to, but clearly Hannibal understood. Suddenly the fingers were gone from his mouth and then they were around his cock. The feeling of the saliva soaked leather had Will's eyes rolling. Hannibal didn't even need to pump his cock before he was coming all over the leather and bike.

Will's whole body shuddered with the force of the orgasm that Hannibal likely hadn't intended him to have.

Hannibal's head fell forward and he panted against the side of Will's neck as he thrust up into him twice more before spilling into Will's constricting hole.

"Fuuuuck," Will groaned, overcome by his climax and the sensation of Hannibal coming inside him, already feeling it drool down Hannibal's cock and out of him, aided by gravity.

Hannibal's hand left his spent cock and was back around his throat, grasping tighter this time.

"You're mine," Hannibal growled.

Will was unable to reply so merely nodded. Seemingly satisfied, Hannibal relinquished his hold and moved back, pulling his softening cock from Will and allowing the rest of his come to spill.

No sooner had he moved than Will turned and barrelled into him, tackling Hannibal to the floor.

The shock was evident in Hannibal's expression as Will decided to hammer home his victory.

Both of them with their pants around their thighs, he was just able to straddle Hannibal, pinning him to the ground with his own hand around Hannibal's throat. He reached behind him with his free hand, the leather creaking again.

Will pushed his fingers to his ass, taking as much come onto them as he could before pulling it around and wiping his fingers on Hannibal's jacket. He stroked his fingers down both sides

of Hannibal's chest, painting him with come.

Will was practically snarling at the man beneath him, as he marked him.

"Just you remember you're mine too. No Alana, no Bedelia. No other person that you fucked. They're nothing." He stabbed his fingers against Hannibal's heart, "They might have had you in body, but this is mine."

Hannibal looked surprised and delighted as he nodded, "No one before you, only you." He replied.

Will huffed out a breath and nodded, the wave of possessiveness that had been fueled by Hannibal's ridiculous jealousy eased with the breath. He nodded again and then leaned down and took Hannibal's mouth in a sensual and deep kiss. Something soft and tender, all the more so in constrast to their rough fucking.

"Time to get back on the bike," Will finally breathed the words against Hannibal's mouth, already looking forward to getting home and loving on each other. Bathing and delicately touching each other, making love to each other to really claim each other.

"Yes, mylimasis," Hannibal complied. Will's victory total.

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